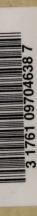
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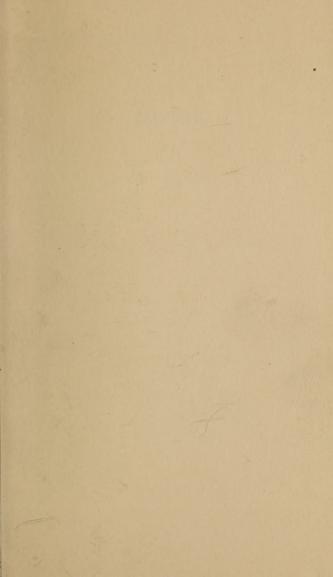
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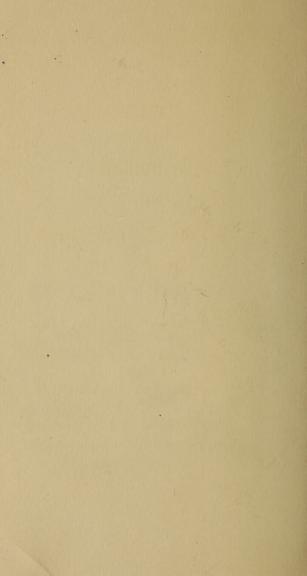




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Gems from Tennyson

38135 40

The Deserted House

IFE and Thought have gone away Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide;
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night; In the windows is no light; And no murmur at the door, So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close, Or thro' the windows we shall see The nakedness and vacancy Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

A Harewell

Thy tribute wave deliver:

No more by thee my steps shall be,

Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, A rivulet then a river; Nowhere by thee my steps shall be, Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree And here thine aspen shiver; And here by thee will hum the bee, Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee, A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be, Forever and forever.

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ATURE so far as in her lies, Imitates God, and turns her face To everyland beneath the skies, Counts nothing that she meets with base, But lives and loves in every place.

-On a Mourner.

The Flower

NCE in a golden hour.
I cast to the earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

The Sailor Boy

E rose at dawn and, fired with hope, Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar, And reach'd the ship and caught the rope, And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answered, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck, My sisters crying 'Stay for shame'; My father raves of death and wreck, They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

Sona

SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours: Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers To himself he talks:

For at eventide, listening earnestly,

At his work you may hear him sob and sigh In the walks:

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks

Of the mouldering flowers:

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave i' the earth so chilly:

Heavily hangs the hollyhock.

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close, As a sick man's room when he taketh repose

An hour before death: My very heart faints and my whole soul

grieves At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves, And the breath

Of the fading edges of box beneath.

And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock,

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Break, Break, Break

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REAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

D.

OWN with ambition, avarice, pride, Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind The bitter springs of anger and fear.

Down too, down at your own fireside, With the evil tongue and evil ear, For each is at war with mankind.

-Maud.

The Eagle

Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls And like a thunderbolt he falls.

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WEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

-The Princess.





